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R A N E L A G H:

A

P O E M.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SOME LATE

P U B L I C A T I O N S.

Here, night by night, thy Priests in mystic round,
With weary footsteps print the hallow'd ground ;
All ranks revolving in their several spheres,
Kings, Nobles, Commoners, and Irish Peers.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. ALMON, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON - HOUSE,
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[Price One Shilling.]

RAMBLING
D. R. B. F. A. S. I.

P. O. B. F. A. S. I.

THE AUTHOR'S NOTE

PUBLISHED AT

The first of these is the "History of the
State of New York," which is a
very valuable work, and is
now in the hands of the
author, and is being
revised.

FOR SALE

Published for the author by
the printer, and is
now in the hands of the
author, and is being
revised.

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P R E F A C E.

GENTLE READER,

CRITICS, like children and fox-hunters, have a natural antipathy to new acquaintance. For this reason, I thought it necessary to inform you in my title-page, that I had already had the honour of being introduced to your company. Had I been disposed to be vain, I might have boasted with some reason of the reception I met with. But modesty is my foible. For this reason I have not informed you, who, or what I am. Indeed,

such

such information would have been of little service to you. I am neither a Lord nor a Gambler; consequently you cannot be acquainted with my person. Adieu. If in the following Poem you should meet with any tolerable lines, you will not think your shilling ill bestowed; if not, you would still wish me at the Devil, though I should swell my Preface into a Volume.

R A N E L A G H, &c.

GODDESS of Fashion! whose enlivening ray
Corrects the dullness of our northern clay,
Who late didst guide thy STANHOPE's * easy pen
To preach the ways of Elegance to men,
To rob proud Virtue of her awful state, 5
To teach rough honesty to grow *bonnête*,
With fraud to guard the heart, with smiles the face,
To bid us carve with *ease*, and stab with *grace*---

* Last Earl of Chesterfield.

Once more, great Queen ! inspire a Briton's strain,
To sing the motley wonders of thy reign. 10

No more can wretched Gallia claim thy stay ;
There monkish Louis holds his gloomy sway ;
There with his subjects' lives the tyrant sports,
And wastes whole kingdoms, while he peoples courts* ;
There superstitious Dullness keeps her throne, 15
And every Muse is *Germanized* to stone !

Not such the scene in Britain's favour'd Isle ;
Here, all the Loves, and all the Graces smile ;

* The Queen of France has not yet had any children, but a poet must be sometimes allowed to exercise his gift of second-sight ; particularly, when (as in the present case) that poet is a Scotchman.

E'en pedant Learning smoothes her wrinkled brow,
 E'en Johnson strains his neck, and strives to bow. 20
 The Muses here like Lapland witches fly,
 And, perch'd on Epic broom-sticks, sweep the sky ;
 Now, with the Laureat soar they know not whither,
 Now sink to Hell, and say C----s sent them thither ;
 That last least bard of the Lucilian school, 25
 Sunk from a Devil to an April Fool !

Haft thou a wish beyond the Muse's praise---
 Speak, and thy ADAMS shall a temple raise ;
 Shall bid once more his pye-bald cielings gläre,
 And pasteboard columns brave the wint'ry air, 30
 Which o'er the brick diffuse a milder grace,
 Like milk-white plaisters on a bleeding face.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile in RANELAGH behold a fane,
 Which e'en the Thunderer might not disdain,
 Here, night by night, thy Priests in mystic round 35
 With weary footsteps print the hallow'd ground ;
 All ranks revolving in their several spheres,
 Kings, Nobles, Commoners, and Irish Peers.
 Here pious N-ETH revolves in silent grief
 The price of Hessians, and the price of beef ; 40
 In speculation pays a nation's debt,
 And treads on prostrate rebels, in Gazette !
 There MINDEN stalks, a great and hated name,
 Damn'd by his fears to everlasting fame !
 Yet shall his wavering and irresolute soul 45
 Prescribe to Britain's thunders where to roll ;
 Our sons shall arm to crush a traitor's foes,
 And thaw with kindred blood Canadian snows.

Gods !

Gods ! with what joy his coward heart will smile
 O'er hoary C-RL-T-N's ill-requited toil ! 50
 How will those eyes devour each bleeding scar
 That yawns unseen beneath the glitt'ring star !
 That glittering star with which our K---s requite
 Each proud Scotch lawyer's nephew's parasite,
 And which, should Heaven prolong great B---k's reign,
 May grace a monkey---as it graces ———*1

Now 'midst the crowd observe that aukward wight,
 " Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in his might ! "

* Negroes, as well as turkies and mackarell, are supposed to have a strong partiality for any thing that is red. For this reason, we hope that no Governor will for the future be sent out to the sugar Colonies without being first invested with the Order of the Bath.

In that dull void, in that unmeaning face,
 Behold the heir of ----- and grace ; 60
 Behold the blood that swell'd thy fav'rite's veins,
 Congeal'd and stagnate, in an ideot's brains !
 Seek'ft thou his ftory ? All we know is this--- *
 He hung his tutor, and he bilk'd the Swifts.

But fee thy FANNIUS comes---by adverfe Fate 65
 Pinn'd to a ftar, and forc'd to *carry weight* ;
 Yet all that man can do poor FANNIUS does,
 He fmirks, and fmiles, and ogles as he goes,
 With either eye he makes fome husband jealous,
 Thofe eyes are piercers, would that they were fellows. 70

* If this Nobleman has paid his debts in Switzerland, we beg his pardon.

Next

Next trips DENTATUS. Mark that active heel;
 You'd think he'd trod on the Electric Eel!
 Old time had once on all his beauties prey'd,
 His hairs were stolen, and his teeth had stray'd;
 Now, in each jaw so vast a row appears, 75
 Should he but smile, we tremble for his ears*!

But soft---to Churchill's and McGregor's art
 Leave we these windings of the human heart;
 To trace out Nature in each nice detail,
 To paint each fold in Folly's filken veil, 80

* It is very extraordinary, that notwithstanding this Nobleman's uncommon fondness for dancing, he should have only once kicked out his teeth. It is perhaps equally extraordinary, that he should on that occasion have thrown his handkerchief on them with so much address, as to conceal the misfortune from the greatest part of the company.

Be this their boast--We catch at those alone,
 Those after-plaits which Fashion's hand has thrown.
 And now no single fools for notice call,
 For see that groupe th' epitome of all !
 They first explain'd immortal CHATHAM's thesis, 85
 " The more we owe, the more our wealth increases."
 As they direct, our fable plumes we rear,
 Those plumes that wave o'er martyr'd Virtue's bier ;
 Compress the waist, the hips and breast extend,
 Till, like the hour-glass swoln at either end, 90
 The emblematic fair appears to chide
 Our waste of time, and minutes misapplied.
 To them, sole arbiters of taste and wit,
 Cooks, Antiquarians, Taylors, Bards, submit ;
 Should snarling Sceptics ask the reason why--- 95
 " C---le's a Lord, and St---r's six feet high !

But

But hark---Ye Gods, what means that sudden shriek?---
 Hath A---R crackt th' enamel on her cheek?
 Hath drunken Thrafo spoilt Lord Townley's cloaths,
 Or grinning Witwou'd pull'd his Lordship's nose? 100
 No---'tis the cry of joy---with great good-nature
 Druid to-night renews his Fête Champêtre:
 See where he prattles to th' admiring crew,
 In yellow drest, Minerva's fav'rite hue!
 At once both pleas'd and scar'd, grinning, and pale, 105
 Like Jonas half-digested by the whale!
 See how our beaux the glad occasion seize,
 For beaux, like monkies, should be fond of trees;
 While wondering belles behold with ravish'd eye
 The cloudless beauties of an English sky! 110

Yet 'mid the thoughtless croud one form appears,
 Whose ling'ring steps are moisten'd by her tears :
 In vain did Beauty from her fairy bow'r,
 To deck her Hebe, cull each brightest flow'r ;
 And the meek hand of Innocence bestow 115
 On every charm her mildest, softest glow ;
 At Envy's call, the prostituted Muse
 With endless rage her beauteous prey pursues.
 'Tis well---let wrinkled age in peace repose,
 Detraction preys not on the wither'd rose ; 120
 Here shall the worm with keenest transport feast,
 And wound all Nature in her fav'rite's breast.
 Vengeance proceed---yet see what friends await
 To snatch the lovely victim from her fate.
 Those sons of Mis'ry, by her bounty fed, 125
 Shall call down endless blessings on her head ;

For

For her their suppliant eyes to Heaven shall rear,
 For her who chac'd Distraction's burning tear :
 E'en the poor nursling, whom she deign'd to save,
 When fell Despair had dug th' untimely grave, 130
 E'en he, his infant Gratitude shall show,
 Cling to her soft'ring breast, and intercept the blow !

F I N I S.

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